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MOTHER EARTH

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NOTICE.

"Mother Earth" has returned to her old home, 210 East 13th Street. The readers will please take note of the change and kindly forward all mail, intended for "Mother Earth," to the above address.

Comrade Alexander Berkman will have charge of "Mother Earth" during my absence. All mail to be addressed as above.

All personal mail will be forwarded to me.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

(53)

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Keller

RESPECTABILITY

By George E. Bowen.

I saw society itself create,
Then prop with mocking laws its flimsy state.

Saw custom out of idle habit spring
And o'er the mob its rule of iron swing.

Saw vanities arise—small vapors, first;
That choked life's withering heart with fumes accursed.

Saw lust and greed their common creed enthrone
Above the fanes love's Arcady had known.

Saw wars and pestilence with hate despoil
The precious fruitage of all human toil.

Saw manhood bought and sold within the mart
Of soulless commerce—but the cheapest part.

Yet more I saw in the red lists of greed
To feed the clamor of imperial need:

Brown brothers of the wild to slaughter fed,
That peace might follow where the cannon led.

Brown brothers—shackled, body, mind and soul,
That Christian commerce win its sacred goal.

Brown brothers—noble in their native might,
Made servile to their saving ones of white.

This much society at last attained—
That man's redemption from the brute be gained.

Thus, in the name of commerce came a race
With sword and bible its sure means of grace,

To civilize the earth, once round again,
Where primal systems fixed their laws in vain.

And who most scattered waste and want abroad
Found favor with the mass, himself and God.

But these immaculate, accepted hosts,
Invincible by oft repeated boasts,

Saved for their proudly undisputed fame
The sting and sorrow of a woman's shame.

I saw great masters of the land and sea—
Princes of men, as mighty moderns be,

Seal fast the law that gave their passion rein,
But held their weak companion's tears in vain.

Saw women of their favor—(duly wed)—
Sneer at their consorts of some brothel bed,

Then clutch the lying faith a priest had taught
To brace the pact by lust and lucre wrought.

Saw my astonished eyes, by fashion's sign,
Its creatures curse the miracle divine,—

Denounce with fury, for the social good,
The unrecorded joy of motherhood.

Saw, wantonly, these sisters (safely bought)
Cast out the one no licensed swain had sought,

While, by the cross whose open arms they wore,
Anathema upon her soul they swore.

Thus have men grown out of primeval spawn
To meet the duties of a social dawn.

Thus have they climbed thro ages gone to dust,
To save at last their cheap, ignoble lust.

So now they bluster to their holy task,
Tricked out in many a smug and shameless mask.

Frenzied they rush to reach the templed space
Where grin the idols: Pelf and Power and Place.

Here, at the doorway of all progress made,
Men pause to wipe their feet, their souls afraid.

Think you, some Persian rug outspreads its art?
Laugh lightly! 'Tis a woman's broken heart.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

With this issue MOTHER EARTH enters upon her second year's journey, with colors flying.

Last year's path was thorny, but not without fruitful results. The first anniversary was celebrated by more than four hundred friends from New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey, while those who could not attend gave evidence of their interest and appreciation by sending contributions.

We are grateful to our friends, and we promise to use our best efforts towards still further improving the educational and literary standard of MOTHER EARTH.

Those whose subscription has expired at the end of the first year will greatly aid us by sending in their renewals, so that we may know on how many of our old friends we may count.

* * *

The characteristic features of the Thaw case are: poverty, the power of money, venality of woman's love, man's greediness to possess. The central figure in this tragedy is a young woman—an article of sexual luxury, surrounded by prospective buyers. The purchaser regards her in the light of his private property, as he would his horse.

The young girl soon learns to play her part: the poverty-stricken mother looks upon the beauty of her daughter as a future source of revenue; nothing offers such opportunities for "friendships" with rich men as the chorus.

Such men are seducers; yet still more so, the seduced. Woman's virtue, to them, is a tempting morsel; but while they are lavishing their money, they become the victims of subtle deceit. Priding themselves on their victory over innocence, they are conquered by woman's cunning.

Stanford Whites and Thaws can purchase bodies, but their combined wealth could not buy a single soul. That is the tragedy of such lives, as well as the comedy. Their victim is at the same time the avenger of her sex-slavery. Is she, the marketable thing, to be faithful? The master satiated, the slave is once more on the market. Serving White, she must still look out for another possible buyer. She meets Thaw—a simpleton, whose intellect would not suffice to make him a successful bootblack; but he is rich. He is a more promising catch than White; the latter, a man of "experience," is not so easily tricked. Thaw would guarantee the continuation of the life of luxury, to which she has become accustomed; he would even marry her, that she may realize her dream of an idle, rich, parasitic life.

Some marriages become prostitution; in this case, prostitution became marriage. The latter legalized the woman's swindle and caused the man's violent folly.

But for the wedding, it would have been simply a case of prostitution, like a thousand other similar cases, characteristic of our good, moral society. Marriage, legalizing and complicating things, made the murder possible.

Because of the marriage—and the man's wealth—the girl became the legal property of Thaw; it was the latter's "duty" to guard the "honor" of the woman, not to speak of his own "honor." As lover, his honor was of no consideration; it became operative with the marriage.

Her marriage forced the woman into greater deceit. She must no longer openly market her charms; tact and diplomacy are necessary to preserve marital decorum. She continues her relations with White; perhaps she even cares for him more than for her husband. The latter sees in her virtuous innocence persecuted; he believes implicitly her wild stories of the Bluebeard White. Finally he feels that morality demands vindication. He kills White and imagines that he has delivered his wife from her hated persecutor; he was "instrumental in the triumph of decency over vice."

The hangman condemns; the free-minded man strives to understand. The question here is not who was right or who was wrong; rather, whether it is not necessary and possible to create a social atmosphere, where woman should cease to be a commodity, and mankind in general be delivered from the curse of money-greed and morality.

* * *

Why should the rich not rejoice and go to church? The latter teaches that "the rich and the poor we must always have with us," thus serving as the pillar of the parasitic existence of the wealthy.

Why should the rich not love the State? The latter, by cunning and violence, guards their stolen wealth against the hungry producers.

The rich should also love the army; the latter secures to them possession of the Philippines and other islands; it tyrannizes over the natives and presses profits from them—for the rich.

But the poor—why should they care for these institutions? Those who continue to do so are the victims of a false education, misleading teachings and mental inertia.

* * *

Karl Marx taught his diciples that economics are the foundation of politics. His modern apostles have, however, reversed his teaching; their motto is, "Let us win political power; then we shall revolutionize the economic conditions." They have endeavored to transplant the center of revolution from the factory to Parliament, from the street to the counting room. Hence the transformation of economic revolutionary Socialism into a political reform-movement. The strength of the latter depends on votes, not on revolutionaries. A parliamentary party must limit its activities to the constitution and laws of the country, thus aiding in upholding existing institutions. It cannot put itself outside of the law, since such a position would stamp all political activity on its part illogical and absurd.

Every government represents the legislative and administrative power of the bourgeoisie; the revolutionary proletarian must oppose it, rather than try to reform it.

Existing institutions can only be strengthened by the use of political power; to believe in their overthrow by such means is utopian. The social revolution begins where the belief in government and the present "order" ceases.

Herein lies the folly of parliamentary Socialists: attempting to smuggle the social revolution under cover of reform, they merely succeeded in turning reformers and politicians.

By such means the German Social-Democracy had achieved great political "success." During many years it was the beacon of all parliamentary Socialists; soon it will serve as a sad example of what a true Labor Party should *not* be.

The January elections in Germany prove that the Socialistic power of political enlistment is exhausted. They have profited little by compromising with the Philistines, the lower middle class and the Clerical Party. They took good care to keep clear from the revolutionary and Anarchist element; indeed, their leaders were ever busy in keeping the party "pure." The energetic and progressive elements of the proletariat found the atmosphere of the party too stifling—they either left or were expelled. It was that very fear of offending popular prejudices that resulted in the Socialistic failure during the last elections.

The Socialists of Germany are between two fires—the revolutionary proletariat and the bourgeoisie. Gradually they must lose the confidence of the former, since their tactics condemn the working man to continue passively to suffer exploitation and oppression. Neither can they gain the confidence of the bourgeoisie, since the latter naturally prefers the safe representation of the tried parties—the Conservative and the Liberal.

Revolutionary Socialists welcome the débacle of the parliamentary card-house. They have long since realized the fatality of political success; the mass, however, must first experience the *reductium ad absurdum*, ere it can find the proper solution.

* * *

The régime of the Tsar is daily becoming more anæmic. It is spilling the blood of the noblest children

of Russia in thick streams, but the precious fluid serves to strengthen the revolution and to make Tsarism weak and lifeless. Lacking internal vitality, the Russian despotism believes to have found a much-needed stimulant in the Duma. The latter is to save the knout; it should bring "order" out of the existing chaos and rehabilitate an ignominious government.

In case of success, European and American financiers would regain their confidence in the autocracy, and more cash would be forthcoming to aid in suppressing the revolution.

* * *

Ideals do not pay. If we happen to possess any remnants of old convictions, we should put them on the shelf with other bric-a-brac, to be occasionally admired in a pensive mood.

Is it not a proof of a "fine soul" to talk of the asininities of one's youthful days? When business is slack, it is rather pleasant to recollect "those wild things." Of course, one must not forget himself so far as to call back to life old ideals and, perchance, become active in their behalf.

Thus philosophise the "wise," the "practical," the matter-of-fact people; they shrug their shoulders, assuring us that life must be taken as it is, not as it should be. But what is *life?* Life spells hypocrisy; the world is peopled with sneaks, renegades and cowards. A few thousand more or less of this calibre—what does it matter?! The competition among them is constantly growing more intense; soon the ex-idealist realizes that he has been doubly cheated: he has bartered the best part of himself for profit, and now he finds himself sadly disappointed in his expectations.

THE RED MONTH

THERE are days in history that should be prohibited by governments; days of an exciting, destructive character, possessing the power of rousing the elemental forces of men into activity; days apparently unrelated to the rest of the year.

Our immigration laws prohibit the landing of persons who disbelieve in organized government, thus barring Anarchists from our joyful shores. Alas, what an ineffectual method of keeping out "obnoxious elements"!

To properly protect the subjects of this country against the spirit of rebellion, it is necessary to banish the historical dates, when organized governments have been forcibly overthrown.

Ye Legislators, to the front! You have a great task to perform. 'Tis of little avail to expel the John Turners, so long as the lessons of revolutionary history—and their pernicious ideas—are accessible to the people.

March is the *red month* in the modern history of Europe. America has not as yet experienced such dangerous events;—too dangerous for power and authority. The war of 1776 was, after all, but a territorial, not a national revolution: the refuse of all countries, thrown into the American pot, could hardly be called a Nation. The Monroe doctrine existed before it was conceived by Monroe. "English lords may continue to rob the Irish peasants and oppress the industrial slaves of Lancashire and Manchester, as they please; on American soil we can exploit labor *ourselves.*" Such were the arguments of the newly-baked American patriots, who saw in this country the greatest source of wealth and power.

European revolutions had a different aspect; there the Nations were swept by the fires of social and economic regeneration.

March eighteenth and nineteenth, 1848, are memorable in the history of Prussia. Citizens, students and workmen of Berlin fought the hireling army of the government, on barricades. The throne began to totter. The people carried their fallen dead before the palace and demanded that the king pay his respects to the noble dead. The storm of March had performed a miracle: for once the king obeyed the people.

The Revolution spread through Germany, Austria and France. Unfortunately, however, the revolutionary

triumph was of short duration; within a few months the fatal grip of the reaction stifled every free expression.

To-day, the revolution of 1848 seems quite dilettant. In their grand fight for a noble cause the people had neglected the most important thing; they failed to destroy the very basis of all tyranny—its material existence: they had too much reverence for property. The treasury remained in the hands of the reactionaries; with sufficient means to buy uniformed assassins, the government speedily subdued the people. As usual, Labor proved the greatest victim; it achieved a few shallow political rights, remaining economically enslaved as before.

Twenty-three years later another March storm swept the rotten foundations of Society—the Paris Commune. On the eighteenth of March, 1871, the proletariat of Paris rose in arms against the dictatorship of the abominable wretch Thiers, who had attempted to force a new monarchy upon poor, exhausted France, still bleeding from the wounds made by German bayonets.

Men, women and children rushed into the streets and took possession of arms and ammunition; within a few hours the Commune was proclaimed and the red banner displayed from the Hotel de Ville, the City Hall. What joy! What inspiration! This time it was no mere political uprising; the people demanded not a mere change of government, but social and economic reconstruction. The grand ideals of Socialism, Communism and Anarchism had inspired the people with new hope.

Again it was the stupid respect for property that finally caused the fall of the Commune, resulting in the terrible slaughter of thirty thousand people.

But the Red Month was not in vain. It has taught us important lessons. No government, whatever reform-mask it may affect, can ever banish the spirit of rebellion from the hearts of the exploited and oppressed millions. The hand of the sacred month of March has written this unforgetable lesson, in letters of blood, upon the minds of those who think.

And we have learned, further, that if the coming revolution is to be successful, the revolutionaries must emancipate themselves from their old traditions, their reverence for stolen property, their moral notions.

May the lessons of the past guide us in the coming storms of March.

HUGH O. PENTECOST

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

EIGHTEEN or nineteen years ago, away out in a sleepy little Michigan town, there fell into my hands a tiny bit of a paper "no bigger than a man's hand"; there were only four sheets of it, but every word was vibrant with life and power. It was written by Hugh O. Pentecost and T. B. McCready, and at this hour I feel my eyes opening wide again as they did that morning with the light and the movement in the swinging lines. They were Single-Taxers then, but with an alarming freedom in their handling of it that must have made the orthodox Georgeites tremble for what was likely to come next; and for what did come next. From week to week the little paper grew in thought, and grew in size, and grew in force. McCready wrote comments on life as it passed, and Pentecost delivered speeches which were printed; and it was often hard to tell who said the best things and said them best. One great quality they had in common: *their thoughts were naked and not ashamed.* They were moving towards a rising sun, and if from week to week the light broke farther, wider, higher, and things came out with a different face than they had appeared in the semi-twilight of a month before, neither McCready nor Pentecost shrank from owning it; and men who were thinking along with them felt not the respect of a pupil for a teacher, but the free comradeship of fellow-seekers. There was such a world of good humor in it, such a frankness, such a fearlessness in reversing themselves! and such fire in it all!

Only,—even those of us who were already Anarchists, and who saw things coming our way, naturally with satisfaction, could not but feel startled at times, and a little dubious, too, at the unwonted speed the Twentieth Century was making. Willy-nilly, the question would intrude: "Can the man who so easily, so rapidly changes his mind, have had time to ground himself well? Will not he who so readily deserts his old position desert the new as readily?"—It was at the time this question was obtruding itself most insistently upon me, in spite of the genuine delight I felt in reading Pentecost's speeches,

that my first opportunity to hear him came. I remember so well the remarks he made concerning those self-same lightning changes, which, apparently, others must have questioned him about. "People say that I change my mind too rapidly. Why, it is perfectly delightful to find out you have mind enough to change!" Still we kept on shaking our heads over our own good fortune (for Pentecost had now become unequivocally opposed to all law, and while he never called himself an Anarchist in the paper, he even went as far as that in a private letter which I have seen, wherein he said: "Any one who advances logically along the lines that I have done, must land in Anarchy, and that is where I have landed.") I recall that in discussing Mr. Pentecost with Dr. Gertrude Kelly, not long after this, she expressed her opinion that he was an "immoral character," in that being himself in a developing state of mind, not certain of himself, he nevertheless undertook to teach others; that he pronounced himself before knowing what he was talking about, and upset other people's minds without giving them clear ideas. Remembering all this now, I cannot help thinking that Dr. Kelly was right, and yet I am unspeakably glad that Pentecost and McCready spoke when they did and as they did. The Twentieth Century was the most interesting type of the "free platform" we have seen in this country within my knowledge; it blew like a breath out of the world of the making of things, it bubbled with life, and was indifferent to consistency. It had grown from the tiny paperlet to a sixteen-page journal, and never lost its principal character of eager questioning.

Then there came a heavy blow: McCready, sunny McCready, of the laughing words; funny McCready, with his gay tilt-riding at the ponderous Knights of the Present Order; tender McCready, with the brimming sympathies; loving McCready was dead, and half the light of the "Twentieth Century" went out.

Nay, more than half. For already there was creeping into the editorials of Pentecost a lassitude, a heaviness, that told of the dying fire. The contributors gave as before, and there were many good ones. But the peculiar glory of the paper, its brilliant editor was somehow a little spiritless. Words went around. The man had sac-

rificed too much; he had been a wealthy preacher of a wealthy church. He had forsaken wealth to follow his ideals of truth, and though the crowd that followed him had grown larger and larger, it was not the crowd that could give him the material things he had once enjoyed. And then we heard that Mr. Pentecost was studying law; and then that he had given up the "Twentieth Century." And then we heard little more of him till the black thing fell. And when it fell I was glad that McCready was dead and would never know. The daily papers told us first, but of course we did not believe them. We waited till we saw it all in the "Twentieth Century" itself, and then we had to know that Hugh O. Pentecost, the man who had so effectually demonstrated the iniquity of laws, had mocked at law-worship, done his best to destroy it, had sought and all but received an Assistant District Attorneyship. All but. It was his own ghost that saved him; for the daily papers of the opposition had dragged out the files of the "Twentieth Century," hunted through them for the most Anarchistic of his speeches, reprinted and spread them broadcast—unmindful that they were doing the Anarchists good service thereby, so that they won their point—and asked the voters: Is this the man for a District Attorneyship? So great was the pressure brought upon the chief who had promised him the position, that he was compelled to retract his promise to Pentecost, after the election, and when the latter came prepared to take the oath of office he was met by a definite refusal. Thereupon appeared Mr. Pentecost's recantation of heresy. In all my life I have never read a document so utterly devoid of human dignity, so utterly currish. There is a piece of detestable slang which is the sole expression fit for it: "The Baby Act." Not only did Mr. Pentecost renounce his former beliefs in liberty, but he took refuge in the pitiable explanation that he, a cloud-land dreamer, had been misled by his innocence into the defense of Parsons, Spies, etc., who, now he had been convinced, had been properly enough hanged. Poor, delicate lamb deceived by ravenous wolves! That was the tenor of the story. Had it been all true, a *man* would have bitten out his tongue rather than have told such truth. All this is many years ago, and gentler

spirits than mine have overlooked and almost forgotten it, in the redemption of his after years. But when the sum of his life is cast up, Justice says, let it not be forgotten that he had within him the Benedict Arnold, and had the times been such as are in Russia now, he would have sold the lives of men as then he sold his conscience for a mess of pottage.

"After Death the Resurrection." That recantation was the putrefaction of a dead soul. There came a quickening. For a few years he was silent; then one day we heard that Pentecost was speaking—again back on the side of liberalism! I confess I heard it with rage. "Let him have the decency to keep still," I said. "If he is really sincere, let him *be* a radical, long enough to prove his sincerity, without talking." Others said I was too harsh, and I think they were right. But I could not forget that sentence about the Chicago men.

For all the years since 1892 I had not seen him. I avoided him as sedulously as I could whenever requests for speeches would have brought us in contact. To all descriptions of his splendid addresses I sneered back: "What is he now?" At length it fell out, about a year ago, that we were both to address a Moyer and Haywood protest meeting in Philadelphia. In such a cause I did not think I had a right to refuse to speak; so I swallowed my dislike, but remarked to the chairman, Geo. Brown, "Don't you steer me up against Pentecost. I don't want to have to speak to him." Geo. Brown is nothing if not mischief-loving. He wanted to see the fur fly. Incidentally he wanted to tell Pentecost that he himself was still a little sore over that recantation, but, while fond of seeing other people rage, he dislikes to say disagreeable things. So he did just what I told him not to do. I am glad now that he did. There was nothing for it but to say what I felt. I remember the hurt look, hurt and surprised, on Pentecost's face when Brown said, "Here is a lady who has a grudge against you." I plunged in; his mouth and eyes saddened, inexpressibly. "The District Attorneyship? Yes, it was all wrong, all wrong. But wasn't that a long time ago?" I admitted it was; but was that an excuse? No, it was no excuse; there could be no

excuse. He knew that; he didn't offer any; his mind had been in a condition of moral slump, and influences had been used on him; but he knew that didn't justify him. "Of course, if I had got it, I would have accepted and gone on with it—" I interrupted him: "It was your luck, Mr. Pentecost, that you didn't get it."—"It was. No one realized that better than I. No one was happier than I that I didn't get it.—It was through the efforts of Mrs. Pentecost that the offer had been obtained."—"And what you said of your having been deceived into the defense of Parsons and the rest?"—He didn't remember having worded the matter quite so pitiably as I said; but what he meant was that he had been misinformed; he had thought these men had never preached force or counseled it, while later information had led him to believe there had been a conspiracy, as the State contended. However, for any evidence that went before the court, the men were never proven guilty, and that he stood by, as he had stood in the old days of '86, when, to the best of his belief, he was the first public man who had spoken in their defense. He seemed to take great satisfaction in that memory, and repeated it on the platform later on. As for the rest, he had done his best. He had kept silent for a while; and now for ten years he had worked in New York, and he thought those who knew his work would bear witness to his sincerity. What more could he say?

And what more could he say? When a man has done wrong, and owned it, and done his best to retrieve himself, he has done all. My bitterness melted, and we shook hands then.

His speech was, as always, strong, graceful, effective. But it was the trained lawyer speaking; not the old inspired prophet of liberty. The menace in his final sentence showed that if he had once deprecated forcible resistance as preached by the Chicago men, he had shifted that ground, too; for he said that if the powers of Idaho refused fair trial to these men, annihilated all attempts at peaceable justice, then—"LET THEM TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES."

Before he went he said to me: "I am glad we have had this talk. I would not want you to feel unkind towards me, for you have not a better friend than I am." I give the sentence, because it shows his personal mag-

nanimity and gentleness. I had not been mild, and a smaller man would not have felt particularly friendly just then.

His time was short and he left before the meeting was over, refusing to accept his expense money, saying: "Keep that as my contribution." I never met him again.

Of his recent conversion to socialism I have little to say. It did not surprise me. I had recognized before that his mind was of the unstable order which has to be changing. Had he gone into Unitarianism, or Catholicism, that also would not have surprised me. He would not have remained a socialist any more than he remained an anarchist, or a single taxer, because he could not remain anything. But, in the party or out of it, he would always have been a splendid force; and in the summing up of his life, the balance must go to the credit side. For the effective and concentrated efforts of his best years were for progress, humanism, liberty.

Would that he had died sooner, or not so soon.

ANENT MY LECTURE TOUR

By he time this issue reaches our subscribers I shall be in Detroit, having lectured in Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo and Toronto.

I shall remain in Detroit March 16th and 17th. Address: 167 Hale St.

In Chicago, March 18th to 28th. Address: 1245 Milwaukee Ave.

In Cincinnati, March 29th, 30th and 31st. Address: General Delivery.

From Cincinnati I shall go to Minneapolis, Winnipeg, St. Louis and the West. All those wishing to arrange lectures along my route will please communicate with me at once.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE NEWER ETHICS

By HELENE STOECKER, Ph.D.

> "The noble one wishes to create something new, and a new virtue.
> "The good one willeth that old things should be preserved."
>
> Nietzsche (Zarathustra).

IF one believes in the eternal growth and continual development of life and sees in struggle the father of all things, then one must also realize that the duty of humanity lies in seeking newer and higher forms of society. The oft-repeated reproach that because one does not pretend to have reached the last goal of human development, one must consequently deny that a newer code of ethics could even be created, cannot be taken seriously. Then, with Zarathustra, one remembers that the greatest danger for the future development of mankind comes through the "good and just," those who speak and feel in their heart: "We *know* already what is good and just, we have it; alas, for those who still seek for it!" The "good and just" have since time immemorial crucified those who wrote "new words on new scrolls." Our work does not lie with those who are in contented possession of all virtue and wisdom, but rather with those who seek new and higher goals for humanity.

Nothing is more mistaken than to imagine that because one seeks newer ethics, one would consequently abolish all standards of morality. We cannot be without standards. There only remains the question of establishing their relative values. Life, as it comes with the value of our human consciousness, has grown to have the highest of all values. Everything, therefore, which tends to strengthen and broaden life must be considered as a higher form of social development. On the other hand, everything which depreciates its value must be considered harmful and immoral.

Consequently, customs which may have been considered "good" under a now obsolete form of society, would not be so if measured by the standards of a later development. No one can deny this who believes in the growth of life.

When we study Nietzsche's attempt to establish a newer standard of ethics, we are struck by the fact that his viewpoint continues and developes the ethics of Christianity. His teachings have added a deeper psychological meaning, made necessary by the growth of life during the two centuries which lie between. It is quite logical that Nietzsche should emphasize certain sides of his philosophy, thus making a seeming contrast to Christian teachings. We must remember that every seeker after truth, in order to gain a hearing, lays stress on those points in which his teachings differ from the old. The biblical quotation, "Ye have heard that which has been said unto your fathers, but verily I say unto you—" is still the best form of introduction for all expression of spiritual expansion.

Granted that Nietzsche's philosophy is identical with certain underlying principles of Christianity, it is his views of sex life which show an important advance over those of the older school.

To him the greatest of all new commandments is to plant the love of life in all creatures—to give life the character of the eternal—to live in such a way as to make it worth while to live forever.

The strongest expression of the love of life—sexuality—can therefore, under the newer ethics, no longer be considered as "sin."

So it is Nietzsche who, with his philosophy of the love of life, teaches the beauty and purity of love, which for hundreds of years has been branded as vicious by the unhealthy imagination of the church.

Nietzsche liked to think of himself as the last follower of the god Dionysos, because it seemed to him that even to-day the teachings of the Grecian mysteries are the best foundation for religion and ethics. Eternal life and the eternal return of life, the triumph of life over death and change, life as the collective continuation through procreation, through the mystery of generation, were to him the essence of these teachings. To Nietzsche, as to the Greeks, sex was symbolic of all the inner and deeper meaning of ancient piety, and everything pertaining to the procreative act, pregnancy and birth, awakened only the highest and purest emotions. This is, indeed, a con-

trast to the teachings of the Christian church wont to surround the source of life with ignominy and shame.

Those who, like Nietzsche, realize the effect which this ecclesiastic view of life, dominant for hundreds of years, has had on human development, must also understand how necessary has become the emancipation from it. So much has come under the ban of the church as "impure," that those influenced by its teachings cannot know that there is no necessary contrast between chastity and sensuality. True unions, real love has nothing in common with either. When Nietzsche feels that the preaching of chastity is "an excitement of the abnormal," he does not mean that unrestrained sex energy is a sign of the morally free-minded. Quite the contrary!

As a fundamental thinker and psychologist, he believes that asceticism was meant only for those for whom it is necessary to destroy their sexual impulses; only for those, however, whose impulses are abnormal. In *Zarathustra* Nietzsche defends three things which until now have been held in contempt: self-love, love of power and voluptuousness. He shows how a difference in the point of view modifies everything; how that which is considered "bad" by the unhealthy mind contributes to the joy of life—with the normal and healthy; how that which is the best of all can be perverted into vice—by the deformed and weak-minded. But to those who feel the joy of life, who believe in it,—the very strength of their passions keeps them pure, their very passions become virtues.

"Voluptuousness—for the rabble the slow fire on which they are burnt; but for free hearts—innocent and free—the earthly bliss of Eden, the overflowing thankfulness of all the future towards the present. Voluptuousness—a sweet poison unto the withered only, but the great invigoration of the heart and the reverently spared wine of wines for those who have the will of a lion."

Nietzsche considered the creation of life as the highest and most sacred of all mysteries, often expressing his deepest thoughts in allegories symbolic of procreation, pregnancy and of the relation of mother and child. It was his most earnest demand to put sex-life on the highest possible plane; every expression of contumely, contempt and impurity was to him a crime against life itself, a sin against the holiest spirit of it.

As he lifted physical love above contempt and ignominy, so did Nietzsche also appreciate its spiritual side, in its deepest meaning. He has exposed the fallacy that unselfishness is the equivalent of love, proving, on the contrary, that it is the personality rich in power, having an intuitive sense of its own well-being, which is capable of the greatest sacrifice and the greatest love. The "poor" cannot give freely. The proof of a great love is not abnegation; but rather an ideal so lofty that there is no question of the personal equation. The love of the sexes must not consist of the mere desire for possession. Two beings that love each other must strive towards a common ideal, *above* their own self. Unfortunately, there are but few who know such love.

Nietzsche has probed, with characteristic psychological perception—itself a mark of genius—into the varied meanings of "love," investing the crude simplicity of the word with all the innumerable shades of meaning which it actually possesses in the living world.

Nietzsche was one of the first to satisfy our moral feelings upon the sex question, in relation to children. He realized the danger of letting the latter grow up in entire ignorance of the most vital subject, and of allowing women to marry without the least preparation for, or realization of the meaning of, the most important questions of life. He believes that because of this women are handicapped and should therefore be treated with the greatest gentleness.

Nietzsche's idea of great love corresponds to the feminine; he believes that it is the length, not the strength, of higher emotions which makes the noblest beings.

Nietzsche agrees with those who realize that the misery of prostitution is greatly aggravated by the ill repute in which it is held. This must be laid to the door of the "good," whose indiscriminate judgments are responsible for the exterior and interior misery of mankind. Moreover, the "good," like the Pharisees, regard the misery they have thus created as proof of the correctness of their opinions! But are not most of the so-called crimes merely inability or unwillingness to cater to the hypocrisy of the "good"?

With great penetration and ingenuity Nietzsche examined the reasons for condemning women who give them-

selves before marriage; he shows that to be "moral" in the conventional sense means merely to fear public sentiment. The girl who enters sex relations without permission of the law or clergy is not considered merely unwise; she is branded as "immoral." She did not follow the custom; she disobeyed it. The kernel of reproach strikes at *disobedience to custom.* But what is the character of the disobedience thus condemned and reproached? They call the girl "impure"—but the reproach is not in reference to what she does; because the correctly married woman also does it, without being called impure. It is, then, the unconventionality of the act, the defiance of accepted standards, the lack of fear as to social judgment, that are reproached and condemned. It is, therefore, fear which holds the community together.

Naturally, Nietzsche finds much to criticize in the present form of the marriage relation. To him the highest goal of humanity is the uplifting and ennobling of the race, and that the present institution of marriage can never accomplish.

But he has recognized the value of faith in the superhuman passions of mankind. The institution of marriage clings stubbornly to the belief that love, altho a passion, is, as such, capable of life-long duration; and that such love is the rule, not the exception. In spite of the fact that experience proves this claim a mere pious fraud, conventional marriage invests love with the tenacity of the noblest sentiment. All institutions which foster a belief in the durability of passion and acknowledge the responsibility of this durability—though in itself foreign to the nature of passion—lift it on a higher plane. Of course, Nietzsche realizes that this supposed transformation of the essential nature of passion has brought with it much that is false and hypocritical, but he believes, nevertheless, that even at such a price the superhuman meaning, uplifting mankind, is to be highly valued.

As a scholar and follower of Plato, Nietzsche wishes to benefit posterity through marriage. To have progeny is the best education, for it makes one responsible, whole, and capable of self-denial. In more than one sense—especially in the spiritual sense—parents are brought up by their children. Nietzsche, therefore, considers the greatest commandment of human love to be not "Thou

shalt not kill," but rather the injunction to the degenerate, "Thou shalt not beget." The first seems naive to him in comparison to the latter; for there are cases where it is a crime against society to beget children, as with all those afflicted with chronic diseases, or with neurasthenics of the third degree. There are few social responsibilities as fundamental as this, and as society must care for the issue of these unfortunates, it is wiser to prevent than to cure. In general, the state wishes quantity, not quality, and is not over-particular as to the kind of children born. Therefore, in the interests of the race, marriage must be taken more seriously.

Nothing seemed to Nietzsche more despicable or more detrimental to the interests of the race than marriage for money or position. That children of such origin are apt to be worthless is easily realized.

With the greatest possible earnestness Nietzsche wrote of these social wrongs, emphasizing especially that social responsibility is the truest sign of morality and social fitness. To him, the realization that responsibility is an extraordinary privilege, marks the sovereign individual.

Not to bow slavishly to custom, but each to find out for himself that which is his personal duty, and take the entire responsibility for his acts—this newer and uplifting code of ethics is far removed from the gloomy dogmas of the "good and just." Each one to choose his way: "This is mine—where is yours? There is no royal road to virtue."

This much is revealed by the most superficial study of the newer ethics, showing us how to live and teach its far-reaching purpose. It strikes at the root of the old and confused notions, which identify "morality" with the fear of conventional standards, "virtue" with "abstaining from sexual intercourse."

In place of the old, negative morality, ever preaching prohibition, the newer ethics, with earnest, joyful and fruitful purpose proclaims personal responsibility, the uplifting of life, the ennobling of the race.

In *Zarathustra* Nietzsche has concentrated, in poetical form, the outlines of a new and ennobling code of morality. Studying the manner of treatment of the problems it contains, one wonders whether the Christian Bible or

any other religio-ethical literature can compare with his trueness of touch and breadth of understanding.

The strength of his language and the religious earnestness of his purpose are embodied in the following quotation:

"Thou art young and wishest to marry and have a child. But I ask thee, art thou a man who dareth wish for a child? Art thou the victorious one, the self-subduer, the master of thy senses and thy virtues? Thus I ask thee.

"I would that thy child were born of thy victory and thy freedom. Thus thou shalt build beyond thyself. But first thou must be built thyself—square in body and soul. Thou shalt not only propagate thyself, but propagate thyself upwards! To this may the garden of marriage help thee!

"Marriage,—thus I call the will of two beings to create another who shall be more than they who created it. Marriage I call reverence unto each other, as unto those who will such a will.

"You shall some day love beyond yourselves; but first *learn* to love! And therefore ye have had to drink the bitter cup of your love. Bitterness is in the cup even of the best love: thus it bringeth longing for the Superman! Speak, brother, is that thy will unto marriage? Holy I call such a will and such a marriage."

AMERICANISM

By VICTOR ROBINSON.

I step upon the platform of protest to record my detestation of the American custom of decorating its swelling breast with undeserved medals.

"Glorious country"—but your women walk with bleeding feet upon life's thorny highway.

"Wonderful nation"—and your workers are crushed by the iron law of wages.

"Another name for opportunity"—and I ask what opportunity have the dead-souled child slaves who toil in mill, mine, shop and factory?

"Great prosperity"—but your streets are full of beggars by day and prostitutes by night.

"Freedom of the press"—and I ask why is Moses Harman in prison?

"Rational laws"—but you refuse to allow adults to bear the number of children they desire, and persecute those who for humanity's sake endeavor to teach prevention of conception.

"Merciful"—and your unfair butcheries in the Philippines make you brother to the Cossacks.

"Liberty"—and I point to the Comstockian censorship, and as a student of history I declare it as infamous as that which existed in the days of Milton.

"All opinions invited"—and I rebuke you with a name: John Turner.

"Tolerant"—but what about that treatment of Maxim Gorky—a man whose trod your shores are unworthy to feel?

"Honest"—while fashionable hotels, patronized by chronic adulterers and uncured syphilitics, closed their doors upon this great herald of the better day.

O America, your foul face, like Mokanna's, is covered with a glittering veil. Your slick politicians have hidden your rottenness beneath a heap of high-sounding phrases. Your parasitic parsons have veneered your sins with prudery, and painted them with hypocricy. But

some of us do not look at externals. We search for causes. Some of us have ears, and we hear what is really going on. Some of us have eyes, and we see what is happening. A brass band does not deceive us. A flaunting banner cannot sweep us off our feet. A canned speech by a hired speaker will not cause us to lose our balance. The applause for an elected person never dazzles us. The judge's wig cannot confound our reason, nor the bishop's belly overawe our judgment. We are what we are—Revolutionists. We do not hum sweet things in your ear, America. We jar your flattered membrane with stern demands for reform. But our harsh cry is only the faint, pale echo of the child in the factory, the man in the clutches, the girl in the brothel.

Our hands ache to turn the wheel of advancement. Our eager fingers tightly clasp the tilt of the sword which says, "Death to the Americanism of to-day."

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ACTIVITY AND PASSIVITY OF THE EDUCATOR

BY ELISABETH BURNS FERM.

BEFORE touching on the two vital and important attributes of the educator, i. e., Activity and Passivity, it may be well to define what I mean when I refer to education and the educator.

When I speak of education I trust you will not confuse it with pedagogy.

Education may sometimes include pedagogy—for example, when a child asks for some point of information—but pedagogy, as I see it, does not include education.

Education is that which has to do with unfolding, revealing and objectifying the inner life, the interior qualities, of the individual.

The educator is one who is able to recognize, assure and interpret to the individual the desires and impulses that move him to action; knowing that within and above

the endeavor there is the effort of the real, the true self to express and manifest itself.

The educator holds, as it were, the mirror, so that the individual may see how his act reflects his thought and his thought reflects his act. That thought and action are indivisibly, inseparably one—helping the individual to realize this, consciously, by holding him responsible for every word and act.

I accept the declaration of Froebel that the tendency of every living thing is to unfold its essence. And that it is the destiny of man to become self-conscious—to know himself. That man, to know himself, must make himself objective to himself.

If I am able to make this quite clear to you, you will, at least, be able to follow and understand me, even though you may not agree with me.

The educator is the one who understands what education consists of and can aid the child in ways and means thereto.

The endeavor of the pedagogue is to make and leave an impression on the child. The pedagogue is interested in the history of human affairs, but not in the affairs of the humans who form the class room. Indeed, the less the humans express of themselves and their relations, the more successful and satisfactory is the relation between teacher and pupil. The teacher is a custodian of past events, past achievements.

The educator is the very antithesis of the pedagogue. The educator deals with and interprets to the child his present experience; the relation of the present moment. present hour and present day to the child's life. First—because the child cannot conceive or realize more than is contained in the present. And, secondly, because the educator knows that the present includes the past and indicates and foreshadows the future.

The educator may refer to the past and future—to confirm the present experience and to reveal the continuity of life experiences, but never, in true education, is the past or future allowed to influence or govern the now, the here of the child's daily living experiences.

Froebel has well expressed this in declaring that every life is particular and unique in itself, and that no life, not even the life of Jesus, can be taken for an example.

The true educator knows that there never was anything more than there is now, and that there never will be anything more than there is now. That the present moment holds all that there is of life. In it is contained the past and the future.

If I have succeeded in introducing my educator to you, as one who is living in the present, with the experiences of the past summed up as realization, consciousness, I shall be able to demonstrate the two important attributes, which, I venture to say, either make or unmake the educator.

If I were asked which attribute I considered the greater, I should unhesitatingly say Passivity.

Therefore I shall treat of passivity first.

Try not to confound inability to control a situation—neglect to seize the moment—indifference to the outcome—timidity of action—or any other form of weakness that you can recall or imagine, with passivity.

Passivity, as I conceive it, is a conscious keeping off of hands, a conscious letting alone. There is no passivity unless the educator has an understanding of the particular child whom he is striving to educate; unless he can recognize and follow the purpose and outcome of that particular child's acts.

The professed friends and believers in passivity are often the ones who discredit it and hold it up to ridicule.

I once visited the home of a friend who had married and was the mother of two children. The flat irons were left on the floor. So the children, almost every day, would fit their feet into them and slide along the highly polished, waxed floors. The father and mother were distressed by the noise they made and the damage to the floor. They could take no action, however, because they had committed themselves to the idea of passivity in education. I suggested that the rational thing to do was to put the flat irons in the cupboard or on a shelf. If the children showed by word or act that the flat irons were a positive need in their development, then they might with some reasonableness take them out or down again. The children were using them as they would use any old thing which might be lying about. On another occasion I visited the home of a woman who published and edited an

educational magazine. She was another victim to the idea of passivity. She had sent for me. She was distracted. The coffee mill had been negligently left on the sitting-room table. When I put in an appearance the coffee beans were scattered over the rug and the coffee mill was thrown to one side. The child seemed to have no further use nor interest in them. In a scattered, unrelated way he was tugging and pulling at other things in the room. The mother was lying on the couch, overcome—as she expressed it—by the condition of things. Instead of being overcome by the condition, she was too limp, too negative—too weak to deal with the condition. She was on the verge of hysterics and kept on assuring me that she didn't want me to do anything but just sit with her.

I told her I would sit with her after I had put the coffee mill in its place and brushed up the coffee beans. She wondered if it would interfere with the child's development if the coffee mill were put away. I took it upon myself to assure her that he was too busy to miss it and that I did not believe he would pine after it, if it was put away.

Froebel might have said, with Whitman, that his word would do just as much harm as good to men.

The word passivity has given an excuse to those who would be excused.

In everything that has to do with the individual's inner life—with self-expression—the educator should follow the child.

The educator may commend the child's self-expression, but may not condemn it; may recognize his self-expression, but may not criticize it. May encourage the child's self-expression, but may not interfere with it.

Such a relation between child and adult calls out and fosters the creative power in the individual, a power latent in all human beings.

Such an attitude calls for a wide and deep understanding.

It is easy enough to passively follow the child, as long as his expressions are agreeable to the educator and in no way clash with the preconceived ideas and sensibilities of the adult. But to be able to recognize that every act of the child is necessitated from within, is extremely diffi-

cult. And yet, every true and earnest educator knows—even when he fails to practice it—that the safest and sanest thing is to let the child do the thing he wishes to do and then let him reap the harvest he has sown.

I do not want the harvest to be misconstrued with allowing the child to jump from the Flat Iron Building, to fall down from a precipice, or be run over. If a child should thoughtlessly or willfully place himself in a dangerous position, the human—as well as the rational—thing would be to save the child from too serious consequences. I simply mean that the child should be allowed to endure all that he is capable of enduring. That he should face all that he has intentionally or unintentionally created, excited or provoked.

When we find such passivity, in ourselves or others, we know that it is grounded in the highest rationalism, the deepest humanity and truest consideration for the development of individual consciousness.

Such passivity is the goal of every true educator. Every educator is striving toward it as an idealistic stage of educational development.

Letting alone may look like passivity. Non-interference may look like passivity. But, to my mind, there is no true passivity unless the educator is consciously striving to aid the child to attain knowledge of himself through and by means of the child's own acts and experiences.

Letting the child do the things he desires to do—because the adult feels that the child has the right, as an individual, to do it—is not the passivity of the educator.

Letting the child do what he wants to do is the relation of individual to individual. The educator's relation is more interior than that.

In education the child must be allowed to do the thing he wants to do, because he has the right to do it, plus the understanding of why he wants to do it, why he is so actuated.

You may ask me in what tangible, concrete form that plus quality expresses itself. My answer to that will and must prove unsatisfactory to those who have not thought deeply and seriously on the question of education. Many years of experience with children have forced me to the conclusion that before the relation of adult and child can become an educational one, it must be psychically

established. And I know of no material agency by which the psychic is demonstrated to the child's consciousness —which I allow is wholly physical—unless you will concede that the tone of the voice, the stroke of the hand, the expression of the face are palpable, tangible means by which that inner relation may manifest itself. Whether your mind can or can not concede that such a relation is fundamental to education, I still maintain that the psychic quality must exist in order to make the relation real and enduring, fitted to weather the storm and stress of their intercourse and association, as child and educator.

Because of the psychic relation the educator can have order restored out of the most chaotic condition. Our doubting friends may insist that there must be something in the attitude of the education, something physical to overrule a disorderly state of condition. Well, let them experiment with young children and watch the result.

Has my reader ever tried to affect a loving manner towards the children, when you were internally disturbed and wholly out of touch with them? Or have you assumed a commanding attitude, when there was neither ability nor power to maintain the position? Well, if you have, you also remember how you tried to wheedle the child, by soft words and affected smiles, into complying—without success—and how, in the other case, you blustered and fumed, and still the child remained fixed, unchanged.

Children, like all simple, undeveloped natures, have a way of exposing artifice and sham. They are not mentally developed enough to imagine what may or may not happen to them, if they refuse to yield. They deal with the actual situation which, when such methods are used, is essentially weak and untenable.

On the other hand, if the educator is *at one*—spiritually —with the child, the most discordant and inharmonious condition can be changed into one that is orderly and harmonious, by the child himself.

For example *one* child may through his invasiveness and general interference with the activities of others create a confusion and uproar which are difficult to control. The excitement is too great to get down to a cause. Almost everyone has a grievance. Whatever

event or incident created the condition, the tumult makes it impossible to find out. The thing for the educator to recognize is, that they are out of relation with one another; that they are decentralized as individuals. The educator must help them to regain consciousness of themselves and the consciousness of their relation to one another.

For example—a room has fifteen or twenty children in it. They are all busy doing things in their different ways. So many activities create a great deal of noise. One boy is sliding a chair along the floor. He does not see the other boy, who has just stepped forward. In a minute there is a collision. The boy has been struck by the chair. According to his temperament he may either cry or try to strike the boy whose chair struck him. The misunderstanding develops into a grievance; other children are involved. Friends become enemies. The strong and brave are fighting out their claims; the weaker ones are venting their feelings by spitting, making faces at each other and calling names. The mob is ruling; something must be done to restore a free condition, in which all may have a chance to express themselves. What shall that something be? Read the riot act? Punish the aggressive ones? Become one of the mob, too? Hardly! The needed thing is, for the educator to be able to see what elements are lacking in that human gathering and try to restore them by calling them out of the children. The children are scattered mentally. Their human association is disturbed. They are simply reflecting their own disturbed state to one another. Every discordant tone vibrates so long that it serves to increase and heighten the irritability of the one who produced it. Now is the time for the educator to summon to the rescue all the tranquility and composure of spirit that he possesses. His inner serenity must be manifested outwardly. Tranquil where the child is disturbed; quiet where the child is noisy. When the educator is well centred within, he creates an atmosphere in which all begin to breathe and live in as human beings. In less time than it takes to tell it, the mob has quelled itself and peace is restored. Once more a free society is established. The children feel the situation, but they do not understand it; they are contrite and ashamed of themselves. This result has

been evolved from the inner attitude of the educator and the inner response of the children.

Such experiences cannot be trumped up. They are true indicators of the soundness of the educational relation.

After such an experience there is always a deeper and more sympathetic relation. They have struggled through something. They have sounded the depths in one another. They have touched bottom. They have had an experience together. They have had a realization together. *They feel the unity of human life.*

I have especially dwelt on the passive quality of the educator, because it is the most difficult relation for educators generally, and because it is particularly so for myself. It is well known that we attribute the highest quality to the thing which we possess the least of.

I am extolling passivity, at the same time praying that some day I, too, may develop a truer and wider consciousness of passivity in relation to education.

So let me once more emphasize that the passivity of the educator has to do with *all* that relates to individual self expression, self activity.

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The *activity* of the educator must objectify itself by the latter manifesting himself as a creative, self active member of the little society in which he finds himself as an individual. And also, through the consciousness with which he is able to reveal and reflect the social basis, upon which they must all stand. The child is ignorant of any law or principle which binds or relates him to his playmate. When he finds himself in a trying situation with another child—whom he is not able to thrash or intimidate—he will suggest a compromise or will make a concession himself, which will put him in possession of the thing he is after.

The child's understanding of things is proportioned to his experiences. He is very jealous about his own rights, his own possessions. He *senses might as right.* He does not scruple to invade the rights of others, to carry off their possessions. Although he resents any invasion of his rights, he does not know how to maintain a position against such invasion.

The educator, understanding why the child is actuated to leave his home, why he is actuated to form a social relation with other humans, must emphasize and accentuate the principles which bind und unite all forms of human association.

I believe that the child leaves his home to experience himself as an individual. To experience himself as an individual he must associate with other individuals. The condition for such an experience must be founded on equality and equity. To realize equality and equity he must have the conditions which will objectify those principles.

The child's natural opportunity, for instance, may consist of space, chairs, tables, materials to work with; in fact, everything in the place is common property; all having equal rights; all having equal *responsibilities.*

Zealously and jealously these opportunities are watched by the educator; the principle of equality and equity is to be called out through their use. For instance, a child finds that he is the first arrival in the morning. He looks about him and naturally concludes that his right is only bounded by the limitations of the place. He may use, as he chooses, the opportunities which the place offers. He starts a line of cars, which takes in every chair in the room. Another child enters. The new comer may not allow himself to think that he has any right or claim to a chair, because he sees them all utilized. The educator knows, however, that before long that utilization will change into monopoly and then a conflict will ensue. Another child arrives. The chairs suggest a train to *him.* He demands some of the chairs, or he attempts to take them. The one in possession in great wrath defends his property and beats off the new-comer. If the monopolizer is physically strong enough to keep the new claimant off, he will, possibly, be left in possession.

This is a situation that calls for the activity of the educator.

"Philip, why did Jakey hit you?"

"I wanted some chairs."

"Did you ask Jakey for them?"

"No! I took one."

"Perhaps Jakey does not understand you. Go and tell Jakey that you want some of the chairs."

Philip goes to Jakey, but Jakey is watching things now. He is so inflated by his former success that he answers Philip with a blow. Philip doesn't feel like insisting on getting chairs, so he is about to give it up. Now is the educator's opportunity to emphasize Philip's right, as against Jakey's might.

"Jakey, why are you not willing to let Philip take some chairs?"

"I had them first. I want to use them," is the reply.

Jakey is told that he has the right to use everything in the room as long as no one else wishes to use it. But just as soon as Philip feels that he, too, wishes to make a train of cars with the chairs, Jakey can no longer control all of them.

Sometimes the dispute may arise over the use of something—say a swing—of which there is only one. A certain child may like to use it more than the others, or want to control it and prevent the others from using it. A complaint is made that Sarah won't let Gussie swing. After Sarah has given her reasons—which usually go back to the fact that she was there first and she has not finished using it—Sarah is told that the others are not obliged to wait for her will and pleasure. That the only way to be fair to one another, when there is only one swing and others desire to use it, is for them to come to some agreement as to how long each one shall use it; that the mere getting of a thing first does not give one the right to control it. Sarah is told that she must relinquish the swing, if she is not willing to use it with the others. If Sarah refuses to share or relinquish the swing, she must be put off.

The simple, crude, physical consciousness conceives success as the just, the *right* cause. Success excites admiration; it indicates power. And power is the greatest thing that the physical consciousness can comprehend. Power to the simple mind implies life. Defeat, on the other hand, produces just the opposite effect. It suggests weakness, and weakness implies death. There is no tangible, palpable way of demonstrating the right of a thing, if it is followed by non-success. It may call out pity, but the cause is questioned. It excites fear and distrust. The physical consciousness is afraid of being involved in it. The cause is finally deserted. The edu-

cator, knowing this fact, must be careful in objectifying a principle in such a manner that the crude, simple state of the child's mind may be able to entertain it. The child is instinctively right when he unites himself with the successful side and shrinks from the defeated cause.

Success *should* follow that which is true and just; what is false and wrong *should* suffer defeat.

I sometimes think that the reason why success does not follow the right is in a great measure due to our early impressions and conclusions. For instance, a strong child has usurped the place of a weaker one. The weaker one is tearfully submitting, or, at the most, he may try to kick the usurper. That failing, he may resort to faces and calling names. There seems to be no idea in their minds that there is any *right*. Everything is measured by *might*. The educator must take an active part in such an experience. An indignant protest from the educator against the physical domination on the one hand, and the meak submission on the other, will have its effect. Tyrant and slave are equally surprised. They have never heard the submissive one reproached before. The submissive one has never been treated before as a social offender. The educator insists that the right thing for the submissive one is to resume and keep the place which the tyrant usurped from him. This attitude creates a new order of things. A revolution takes place in custom and thought. Right enthroned, might dethroned. The one who maintains and defends the new order is recognized as the strongest one in the room. Strength—not used to subjugate the weak, but to help the weak to become strong in action, and the physically strong to develop a more honorable and human relation to their playmates.

In closing I should say that in everything which has to do with the social experiences of the child the educator is actively leading. The educator is the only one in that little community who has had social experiences. And as our idea of equality and equity was evolved from our social experiences, the child knows nothing of them. He has had no social experiences. The idea of justice does not have to be imposed on the child; he responds to it and holds himself close to the condition or place in which it is accentuated.

If I have not made clear to you how those attributes

of the educator help and aid the child in his development of self-consciousness, I gladly refer you to Froebel's "Education of Man" and trust that his words may convince you.

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OUT OF THE SILENCE

By Mrs. Almon Hensley.

(A Review.)

EXQUISITE in thought, in form, in tone, in mechanical execution, this touching poem of love and death is one of those rare pieces of work which appeal alike to the artist and the non-fastidious;—to the former by its perfect presentation, to the latter by the universal heart-note of pathos.

Every one who has visited Notre Dame de Paris has been struck with the dramatic presence of the Morgue just behind it; the chilling contrast between the massy pile, with its soaring glories of carving and sculpture, and the freezing simplicity of the Morgue, squat, bare, silent, only for the sound of ever-running water gurgling somewhere, sends a sudden paralysis over one, though all around shine the sun and the summer of France. It is this peculiar dramatic contrast that Almon Hensley has chosen as the scene of her poem; and the actors thereof a dead woman in the Morgue and the statue of the Virgin of Notre Dame.

The plaint of the woman in her shroud—"white save for traces of the river slime"—is that "the unjust God" has given all the joy of love to some women, and to herself none; rather that her great necessity to love and to be beloved made her outcast, despised and rejected of men; and with reproachful sadness she begs the virgin mother for the little solace of holding the baby Christ, only for a while, somewhere, sometime, after she shall have suffered out long punishment, bitter and burning as God may require, because of her great need and little satisfaction in this world.

It is almost sacrilege to touch this marble-work with a finger tip, so pure and perfect is it; and yet—have not women craved and petitioned and apologized long enough? Were it not more of the free spirit of man, to put into the lips of her upon the brink: "Out of all suffering, forevermore, without the sin of having imposed life upon any helpless creature on my soul! O Virgin, with your Holy Child, did it reward you for the day on Calvary to know that you had had the pleasure of a babe's caresses in your life?—and Him? Out of it all! I have given and not received, and I make no petition. I am glad to go, knowing there is no fire of punishment beyond this rushing blackness. So, good night." But it is likely that till our earth grows old and cold, women will continue to think with Almon Hensley and bear children for the pleading reason that they need something to love, unmindful that thereafter the child must suffer life.

The printer who has given so fitting a body to this poem-soul has the following quaint little note in an unobtrusive corner: "One thousand copies of this poem were printed at the Ariel Press, in Westwood, Massachusetts, by a craftsman in love's service, for fellowship's sake and for the good that it will do, and copies may be had for fifty cents each."

* * *

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THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

(*Putnam's*, March, 1907.)

I.

LET us start fairly with the great truth: for those who possess there is only one certain duty, which is to strip themselves of what they have, so as to bring themselves into the condition of the mass that possesses nothing. It is understood, in every clear-thinking conscience, that no more imperative duty exists; but, at the same time, it is admitted that this duty, for lack of courage, is impossible of acccomplishment.

For the rest, in the heroic history of the duties, even at the most ardent periods, even at the beginning of Christianity and in the majority of the religious orders that made a special cult of poverty, this is perhaps the only duty that has never been completely fulfilled. It behooves us, therefore, when considering our subsidiary duties, to remember that the essential one has been knowingly evaded. Let this truth govern us. Let us not forget that we are speaking in its shadow and that our boldest, our utmost steps will never lead us to the point at which we ought to have been from the first.

II.

Since it appears that we have here to do with an absolute impossibility, before which it were idle to make any further display of astonishment, let us accept human nature as we find it. Let us, therefore, seek on other roads than the one direct road—seeing that we have not the strength to travel by it—that which, in the absence of this strength, is able to nourish our conscience.

There are thus, not to speak of the great question, two or three others which well disposed hearts are setting to themselves constantly. What are we to do in the actual state of our society? Must we side, *a priori,* systematically, with those who are disorganizing it?—or join the camp of those who are struggling to maintain its economy? Is it wiser not to bind one's choice, to defend by turns that which seems reasonable and oppor-

tune in either party? It is certain that a sincere conscience can find, here or there, the wherewithal to satisfy its activity or to lull its reproaches. That is why, in the presence of this choice which to-day becomes incumbent upon every upright intelligence, it is not unprofitable to weigh the *pro* and the *contra* more simply than after our usual fashion, and rather in the manner of the unbiased inhabitant of some neighboring planet.

III.

Let us not review all the traditional objections, but only those which can be seriously defended. We are first confronted with the oldest of them, which maintains that inequality is inevitable, being in accordance with the laws of nature. This is true; but the human race appears not improbably created to raise itself above certain of the laws of nature. Its very existence would be imperilled if it abandoned its intention to surmount a number of these laws. It is in accordance with its particular nature to obey other laws than those of its animal nature and the rest. Moreover, this objection has long been classed among those whose principle is untenable and would lead to the massacre of the weak, the sick, the old, and so forth.

We are next told that it is right, in order to hasten the triumph of justice, that the best among us should not prematurely strip themselves of their arms, the most efficacious of which are exactly wealth and leisure. Here, the necessity of the great sacrifice is fairly well recognized and only the question of its opportuneness remains. We agree; provided it be well understood that this wealth and this leisure serve solely to hasten the steps of justice.

Another conservative argument worthy of attention declares that, man's first duty being to avoid violence and bloodshed, it is indispensable that the social evolution should not be too rapid, that it should ripen slowly, that it is important to temper it while the mass is being enlightened and borne gradually and without serious upheavals towards a liberty and a fulness of possessions which, at this moment, would unchain only its worst instincts. This again is true; nevertheless, it would be interesting to calculate, since we can reach the best only

through the bad, whether the evils of a sudden, radical and bloody revolution outweigh those which are perpetuated in the slow evolution. It were well to ask ourselves whether there is not an advantage in acting with all speed; whether, when all is told, the suffering of those who now wait for justice is not more serious than that which the privileged class of to-day would have to undergo for the time of some weeks or months. We are too ready to forget that the headsmen of misery are less noisy, less theatrical, but infinitely more numerous, cruel, and active than those of the most terrible revolutions.

IV.

We come at length to the last and perhaps the most disturbing argument: Humanity, they say, has for more than a century been passing through the most fruitful and victorious, probably the climacteric years of its destiny. It seems, if we consider its past, to be in the decisive phase of its evolution. One would think, from certain indications, that it is nigh upon attaining its apogee. It is traversing a period of inspiration with which none other is historically comparable. A trifle, a last effort, a flash of light which shall connect or emphasize the discoveries, the intuitions scattered or held in suspense, alone separates it, perhaps, from the great mysteries.

It has lately touched upon problems whose solution, at the cost of the hereditary enemy—that is, of the great unknown phenomenon of the universe—would probably render useless all the sacrifices which justice demands of men. Is it not dangerous to stop this flight, to trouble this precious, precarious and supreme minute? Admitting even that what is gained can no longer be lost, as in the earlier upheavals, it is nevertheless to be feared lest the vast disorganization required by equity should put an abrupt end to this happy period; and it is not sure but that its reappearance might be long delayed, the laws which preside over the inspiration of the genius of the race being as capricious, as unstable as those which preside over the inspiration of the genius of the individual.

V.

This is, as I have said, perhaps the most disquieting argument. But there is no doubt that it attaches too great

an importance to a somewhat uncertain danger. Moreover, prodigious compensations would attend this brief interruption of the victory of humanity. Can we foresee what will happen when the human race as a whole will be taking part in the intellectual labor which is the labor proper to our species? To-day, hardly one brain in ten thousand exists in conditions entirely favorable to its activity. There is at this moment a monstrous waste of spiritual force. Idleness at the top depresses as many mental energies as excess of manual labor annihilates below. It is incontestable that, when it shall be given to all men to apply themselves to the task at present reserved for a few favorites of chance, humanity will increase a thousandfold its prospects of attaining the great mysterious aim.

Here, I think, we have the best of the *pro* and the *contra,* the most reasonable reasons that can be invoked by those who are in no hurry to end the matter. In the midst of these reasons stands the huge monolith of injustice. There is no need to let it defend itself. It oppresses consciences, limits intelligences. Wherefore there can be no question of not destroying it; all that is asked of those who would overthrow it is a few years of patience, so that, when its surroundings have been cleared, its fall may entail fewer disasters. Are we to grant these years? And which among these arguments of haste or of waiting would be the object of the most straightforward choice?

VI.

Do the pleas for a few years of respite appear to you sufficient? They are precarious enough; but, even so, it would not be fair to condemn them without considering the problem from a higher standpoint than that of pure reason. This point must always be sought as soon as we have to do with questions that go beyond human experience. It might easily be maintained, for instance, that the choice would not be the same for all. The race, which probably has an infinite consciousness of its destinies which no individual can grasp, would have very wisely apportioned among men the parts that suit them in the lofty drama of its evolution. For reasons which we do not always understand, it is doubtless necessary that the race should progress slowly: that is why the

enormous mass of its body attaches it to the past and the present; and very upright intelligences may be comprised within this mass, even as it is possible for greatly inferior minds to escape from it. Whether there be satisfaction or unselfish discontent on the side of the darkness or of the light matters little: it is often a question of predestination and of the distribution of parts rather than of enquiry. However this may be, for us, whose reason already judges the weakness of the arguments of the past, it would be a fresh motive for impatience. Let us admit, in addition, its very plausible force. The fact, therefore, that to-day does not satisfy us is enough to make it our duty, our organic duty, so to speak, to destroy all that supports it, in order to make ready the arrival of to-morrow. Even if we were to perceive very clearly the dangers and drawbacks of too prompt an evolution, it is requisite, in order that we should loyally fulfill the function assigned to us by the genius of the race, that we should take no notice of any patience, any circumspection. In the social atmosphere, we represent the oxygen; if we behave in it like the inert nitrogen, we betray the mission which nature has entrusted to us; and this, in the scale of the crimes that remain to us, is the gravest and most unpardonable of treasons. It is not ours to preoccupy our minds with the often grievous consequences of our haste: this is not written in our part, and to take account of it would be to add to that part discordant words which are not in the authentic text dictated by nature. Humanity has appointed us to gather that which stands on the horizon. It has given us instructions which it does not behoove us to discuss. It distributes its forces as it thinks right. At every crossway on the road that leads to the future, it has placed, against each of us, ten thousand men to guard the past; let us therefore have no fear lest the fairest towers of former days be insufficiently defended. We are only too naturally inclined to temporize, to shed tears over inevitable ruins: this is the greatest of our trespasses. The least that the most timid among us can do—and already they are very near committing treachery—is not to add to the immense dead weight which nature drags along. But let the others follow blindly the inmost impulse of the power that urges them on. Even if their reason were

to approve none of the extreme measures in which they take part, let them act and hope beyond their reason; for, in all things, because of the call of the earth, we must aim higher than the object which we aspire to attain.

VII.

Let us not fear lest we be drawn too far; and let no reflection, however just, break or temper our ardor. Our future excesses are essential to the equilibrium of life. There are men enough about us whose exclusive duty, whose most precise mission it is to extinguish the fires which we kindle. Let us go always to the most extreme limits of our thoughts, our hopes, and our justice. Let us not persuade ourselves that these efforts are incumbent only upon the best of us: this is not true, and the humblest among us that foresee the coming of a dawn which they do not understand, must await it at the very summit of themselves. Their presence on these intermediary tops will fill with living substance the dangerous intervals between the first heights and the last, and will maintain the indispensable communications between the vanguard and the mass.

Let us think sometimes of the great invisible ship that carries our human destinies upon eternity. Like the vessels of our confined oceans, she has her sails and her ballast. The fear that she may pitch or roll on leaving the roadstead is no reason for increasing the weight of the ballast by stowing the fair white sails in the depths of the hold. They were not woven to moulder side by side with cobblestones in the dark. Ballast exists everywhere; all the pebbles of the harbor, all the sand on the beach will serve for it. But sails are rare and precious things; their place is not in the murk of the well, but amid the light of the tall masts, where they will collect the winds of space.

VIII.

Let us not say to ourselves that the best truth always lies in moderation, in the fair average. This would perhaps be so if the majority of men did not think, did not hope upon a much lower plane than is needful. That is why it behooves the others to think and hope upon a higher plane than seems reasonable. The average, the fair moderation of to-day will be the least human of

things to-morrow. At the time of the Spanish inquisition, the opinion of good sense and of the just medium was certainly that people ought not to burn too large a number of heretics; extreme and unreasonable opinion obviously demanded that they should burn none at all. It is the same to-day with the question of marriage, of love, of religion, of criminal justice, and so on. Has not mankind yet lived long enough to realize that it is always the extreme idea, that is, the highest idea, the idea at the summit of thought, that is right? At the present moment, the most reasonable opinion on the subject of our social question invites us to do all that we can gradually to diminish inevitable inequalities and distribute happiness more equitably. Extreme opinion demands instantly integral division, the suppression of property, obligatory labor, and the rest. We do not yet know how these demands will be realized; but it is already quite certain that very simple circumstances will one day make them appear as natural as the suppression of the right of primogeniture or of the privileges of the nobility. It is important, in these questions of the duration of a species and not of a people or an individual, that we should not limit ourselves to the experience of history. What it confirms and what it denies moves in an insignificant circle. The truth, in this case, lies much less in our reason, which is always turned towards the past, than in our imagination, which sees farther than the future.

IX.

Let our reason, then, strive to soar above experience. This is easy for young people; but it is salutary that ripe age and old age should learn to raise themselves to the luminous ignorance of youth. We must, as the years pass, guard beforehand against the dangers which our confidence in the race has to run because of the great number of malignant men whom we have encountered in it. Let us continue, in spite of all, to act, to love, and to hope as though we had to do with an ideal humanity. This ideal is only a vaster reality than that which we behold. The failings of individuals no more impair the general purity and innocence than the waves on the surface, according to the aeronauts, when seen from a certain height, trouble the profound limpidity of the sea.

X.

Let us listen only to the experience that urges us on: it is always higher than that which throws or keeps us back. Let us reject all the counsels of the past that do not turn us towards the future. This is what was admirably understood, perhaps for the first time in history, by certain men of the French Revolution; and that is why this revolution is the one that did the greatest and the most lasting things. Here, this experience teaches us that, contrary to all that occurs in the affairs of daily life, it is above all important to destroy. In every social progress, the great and the only difficult work is the destruction of the past. We need not be anxious about what we shall place in the stead of the ruins. The force of things and of life will undertake the rebuilding. It is but too eager to reconstruct; and we should not be doing well to aid it in its precipitate task. Let us therefore not hesitate to employ even to excess our destructive powers: nine-tenths of the violence of our blows is lost amid the inertness of the mass, even as the blow of the heaviest hammer is dispersed in a large stone, and becomes so to speak imperceptible to a child that holds the stone in its hand.

XI.

And let us not fear that we may go too fast. If, at certain hours, we seem to be rushing at a headlong and dangerous pace, this is to counterbalance unjustifiable delays and to make up for time lost during centuries of inactivity. The evolution of our world continues during these periods of inertia; and it is probably necessary that humanity should have reached a certain determined point of its ascent at the moment of a certain sidereal phenomenon, of a certain obscure crisis of the planet, or even of the birth of a certain man. It is the instinct of the race that decides these matters, it is its destiny that speaks; and, if this instinct or this destiny be wrong, it is not for us to interfere; for there is nothing above it to correct its error.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

By VIROQUA DANIELS.

"THE Russian revolution is not a mere struggle for emancipation from an archaic form of government. . . . . An old order is doomed, its government, its ruling caste, its ruling ideas, its religion, its property, its forms, its economic methods and its economic power. It is a world event," says Wm. English Walling.

Why is the old order doomed? Because all of its institutions are "unfair." To whom are they "unfair"? In the broadest sense, TO ALL, but particularly so to two classes: to the class that has no chance to live even the most barren, conventional, "decent" life, and the class which is restrained from living according to ideals in advance of conventional standards.

In every institution of the old order, a few persons assume superiority, form an exclusive circle and collect tribute from the excluded. Tribute, no matter by what name it is called nor by what method it is collected, is "unfair." Only slaves pay tribute.

The religious, political and financial "rings" not only collect tribute from the "lower classes," but they superintend their education, both in school and out of it. The worst feature of this education is its anti-social quality. The tribute gatherers have conquered—by force or by stealth—the land, and, therefore, the working people of the world. The first education had to be *submission*, ETERNAL SUBMISSION. Then came awe and reverence for "superiors"; respect for, and protection of, property—the training has been thorough!—and permeating everything, the love for and glorification of war, than which nothing can be more brutal.

The varieties of slavery are legion; slaves of religion, of the State, of Mrs. Grundy, chattel slaves, wage slaves, sex slaves, slaves to all species of profit-mongering—and all slavery is "UNFAIR."

Let us hope the old order *is* doomed. To whom is it dear? To the masters, many of whom know they are "illustrious" only on account of deceptions practised, deceptions that are passed on from generation to genera-

tion. Is sham glory so gratifying? Is trickery so enchanting? Is the sight of huts, rags, stupidity and misery so edifying?

But I am not writing this simply to comment on the old order. That has been amply exposed along all lines, and by many students. I wish to call special attention to this: A new order, an association of free people cannot be lived by copying any part of old institutions. It is impossible for a free person to think like a slave; neither can he or she act like one. The old institutions are suitable only for masters and slaves, and are not at all applicable for associations of free persons, of comrades. An association of comrades is what the new order must be if it prove to be a new order, otherwise we will have but another variety of slavery. Those striving for the new order met with a memorable rebuff at Paris in '71. The skirmishers for the new order in sex relations have failed also. But the Commune and the "free unionists" discarded but a portion of the old order.

Slaves, in their struggle for advancement, have always aped their masters; their religion, codes of honor, dress, manners, etc. For that reason, and that only, are they still slaves.

When we realize that the old institutions are "unfair," because they are made up of "rings" of masters and hosts of slaves, we shall be glad to be rid of them, and begin anew on a "fair" basis.

* * *

APHORISMS

By J. M. GOTTESMAN.

There is nothing more dangerous than to organize a stationary form for feelings that are changeable.

All important decisions you must take from the depth of your individuality. Only when it tears itself from the surrounding influences is your life's work done.

Often destiny—in its mildness, because it has reserved for nonentities the contempt of forgetfulness—comforts them with the cheap flatteries of the contemporaries.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS

By Harry Rogoff.

THESE thoughts come to me at midnight, when wrapped in darkness and silence, I lie on my bed and muse. I then think of death, of the grave, of oblivion. I fancy myself mouldering and decaying in the cold earth: my flesh devoured by vermin, my bones rotting, my blood congealed, frozen into a lump of putrefying matter; my brain, a mass of disgusting substance. And upon this mangled corpse are heaped many feet of earth, with a heavy stone, recording my last memory, pressing heavily down upon it.

The darkness of my room grows denser. These ghastly fancies freeze the blood in my veins. I shiver. I fear the gloom, and yet I shut my eyes tighter and tighter.....A mighty, vague desire awakens in me—a desire to feel myself alive, to hold on to existence, to be a part of the feeling, thinking world. And yet I shrink more and more within myself. I contract my body into its smallest dimensions and glide under the bed coverings, clinging desperately to the grave and its horrors.....

But gradually I fancy the narrow grave getting wider and larger. The sepulchral odor and darkness spread and grow until they fill all space. All is enveloped by them. And all is floating in a limitless void of profound obscurity and chaos. And I, along with them, am sinking rapidly in this fathomless abyss of oblivion and destruction.

Dead and forgotten! I hear these words ringing out in a death-like dirge. The surrounding darkness is filled with their terror. Waves of blackness shaped in the form of these terrible words roll out upon the prevailing blackness as a background. And they sink and chase my soul as it plunges down, down into the gulf of endless nothingness.

These thoughts come to me at midnight, when I retire to my bed after a day of drudgery and worry. They come to me as a relief at this hour of rest. I conjure them up as my good spirits, my consolers. I summon them to me as comforters of my woes and afflictions.

I had a more cheerful imagination in the days of my

youthful happiness. Then, with eyelids closed and the shadows of the night crowded around me, I would still behold the merry sunshine. I would ever be in my fancy amidst smiling, beaming faces of men, living men, dancing gleefully upon a life-giving soil rendered warm and bright by a radiant heaven.

But since then life has ceased to be a dream to me; it became a reality. And the materials out of which my imagination constructs its fancies have altered. Brightness and happiness have become associated in my mind with corruption and vice, darkness and misery have become coupled with honesty and purity. My old, dear human faces stamped with the seal of humanity, I find now in the dust and mud. In them the flame of happiness is long since extinguished; instead they are kindled with a different fire, the fire of hate and revolution. And those beautiful recesses of nature, I find occupied with the homes of wild beasts, the savages and the cannibals. There they roam, there they hunt their prey, there they commit their murders.

And after a day in these upper regions of life and corruption—after many hours among these beautiful sceneries of nature, replete with sin and vice, I dive down, down into the cold grave, to meet those truly human beings, to converse with a genuine human heart.

I flee there for relief, for consolation. The darkness of the grave is oppressive: but not as tormenting as the sunshine that brings into view the tiger mangling his prey. Its limits are narrow, but far wider than the dungeons that imprison your body and soul in the upper regions.

The thought of death makes life tolerable. It is the only hope that remains open to the slave, the suffering, tortured slave that is chained to the rock of life and is devoured piecemeal by the preying vultures of human society.

And what a consolation to see this whole universe a shapeless void! There is some gratification in fancying all life extinguished, all sighs hushed, all tears dried, all the noise and the whirl of brutish activity at an end! What a pleasure to fancy all such in the bottomless sea of darkness and forgetfulness! See! How those beasts crouch and shiver and tremble. They shrink before the

approaching deluge of destruction and death. It comes like a mad whirlwind. In a moment it raises these brutes high in the air. Now, their bones crack, their flesh is crushed into dust. A wild frenzy takes possession of all. The storm of death rages stronger and fiercer. All is destroyed, all disappears before it. And then the storm abates; calmness and peace reign again. But there is nothing left in existence. All is annihilated. The "dead lives" are sinking lower and lower into the gaping hole of night and oblivion.

This is the only fancy that gives me consolation: the only scene that can banish the agony of life from my soul. And when tired and oppressed with the horrors of the day's scenes, I seek rest in the late hours of night. I conjure up these ghastly visions to bless me, and guard me, and make my sleep a source of refreshment and encouragement.

The angels that guard my bed are the terrors of the grave. Only they can still the mad waves of indignation and grief that roar and storm in my soul. Only they can prevent the poisonous arrows of discontent and revolution from piercing the core of my heart. Life to-day, without the consolation of death, is a hellish curse.

* * *

Two hundred years ago there was a law passed in France making it a crime for any nobleman to shoot more than two work-people during any one day. The law came about this way: The scions of the nobility would go hunting and when game was scarce they were given to shooting at the peasantry, to show their marksmanship; the thing had gone on until it inconvenienced the owners of lands, and their protest gave rise to the law. In this age, while the scions of our wealth dash over the country in autos, showing how fast they can run, killing people every day, we should pass a law that if they run over more than two people in any one day they shall be fined fifty cents and costs. Why not do the thing right.

(*Appeal to Reason,* Dec. 29, 1906.)

THE NEW SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

"There was a time, when, jocund as the day,
The toiler hoed his row, and sung his lay,
Found something gleeful in the very air,
And solace for his toiling everywhere.
Now all is changed, within the rude stockade,
A bondsman whom the greed of man has made
Almost too brutish to deplore his plight,
Toils hopeless on from joyless morn till night.
For him no more the cabin's quiet rest,
The homely joys that gave his labor zest,
No more for him the merry banjo's sound,
Nor trip of lightsome dances footing round.
For him no more the lamp shall glow at eve,
Nor chubby children pluck him by the sleeve;
No more for him the master's eyes be bright—
He has no freedom, nor a slave's delight."

REVIEW.

"Che cosa è la Religione," by Ludovico Caminita, just published by the *Libreria Sociologica* of Paterson, N. J., is as interesting as it is instructive. It contains 148 pages and is divided into four parts.

The first part deals with the history of the Catholic Church. The author explains the origin of the Popes' power, enlarging upon their immoral character and scandalous conduct. In the second part the writer proves, very successfully, that the Catholic dogmas are not based upon the teachings of the Bible, but have been invented by the clergy for their own benefit.

The third and fourth parts are devoted to the story of the Carpenter Christ. The author assigns the latter to the realm of mythology and proves, rather conclusively, that God is not the creator, but the creature of man.

The book is to be recommended to all those who understand the Italian language. Its perusal will prove of great educational value.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

Les Temps Nouveaux of Feb. 16th contains an appeal by Jean Grave "For Two Forgotten Ones," Theodule Meunier and Grangé, both condemned with especial severity because of their anarchism. The former was accused of throwing a bomb in a café, and, without proofs, condemned to life imprisonment, though there were a number of witnesses to testify that he could not have been on the scene of the explosion since he was elsewhere. According to the rules, having conducted himself well, he is now entitled to an amelioration of condition, instead of which the prison authorities have committed him to the worst of the prison hells, the director of the prison having declared to him that there are no rules for anarchists.

Grangé's sin was that he refused to be submitted to barrack life, and fired on the gendarmes who were sent to arrest him, but without hitting anybody. He has completed his twelve years' sentence to hard labor, but is still kept in New Caledonia, because he refuses to denounce his own action. Grave appeals to the League for the Rights of Man to remember these "forgotten ones."

Concerning the call for the Amsterdam Congress, Amédée Dunois criticises the title "Workers' International Communist and Libertarian Congress," saying, it is too long, that the words communist and libertarian should be omitted, and "anarchist" substituted therefor; also the word "Workers" is objected to on the ground that not only workers are interested in an anarchist congress, and, moreover, that it is a species of trespassing on the distinctly trade union movement which has itself outlined its own sphere of activity; that as the anarchists in the unions have fought against attaching the labor movement to the Social Democratic party they should likewise oppose any attempt to attach it to any other "ism." The opinion of the Belgian comrades, generally, is that the principal business of the Congress will be to organize a "libertarian international," and that any discussion of the principle of organization itself should not

be admitted. This is a little authoritarian, observes Dunois; and we agree with him.

As a sample of the intensity of the opposition which the anti-militarist movement in France has to contend with, we translate the following masterpiece of the commander of the First Battalion of the 156th Infantry at Toul: "It has come to the ears of the chief of the battalion that notwithstanding our orders of last December there are still some anti-militarists in this battalion. The anti-militarists are above all cowards who seek to hide their cowardice under the pretence of philosophic motives and sophistries. They are likewise criminals, parricides, who kill inch by inch the mother who brought them into the world, the fatherland to which they owe primarily their existence and secondly their liberty. They are traitors who would aid an invader. If not that they are cretins, idiots, simpletons, gulls, maniacs or mad dogs, whose stupidities and insanity demand the establishment of madhouses.

"The chief of the battalion reckons that there still exist a sufficient number of sane and energetic men in the battalion to demand duly how much these fomenters of disorder receive from foreign sources for the propaganda of their cowardly and slavish doctrines, and, in case of necessity, to bring them properly to their senses.

"At all events, the evil is now too far gone to be treated with contempt and indifference; as it is necessary to act energetically, the chief of the battalion urges the commanders of the companies to put all such individuals into prison."

There is a noble piece of composition for you!

The Colony at St. Germain is having its troubles. Having decided to hold a public meeting, they proceeded to special advertisement the day before by posting placards, distributing bills, etc., and on their way home singing anarchistic songs in the streets. For the latter they were arrested and brought before the Police Commissioner, who, after an angry debate of several hours, released them, but took his revenge by closing the hall. The comrades called for a protest meeting to be held at the colony itself, to which they urgently invited their Parisian co-workers to come *en masse*. This was to have

been on the third of February. We are not yet in possession of news as to the event of this protest.

SWITZERLAND.

The trial, sentence, and suspension of sentence of L. Bertoni is one of the illustrations that the ways of government are past finding out. Some months ago Bertoni, who is an active anarchist propagandist, speaker and writer, was arrested for having, in the words of the "Courrier Européen," "published an apology for the act of Bresci," sentenced to one month's imprisonment and following thereon to expulsion from the canton of Geneva. Owing probably to the vigorous protest on all sides—even certain lawyers joining therein—the Council of Geneva, probably wishing to retract and yet to save its face, has now decreed as follows:

"Considering it necessary to reprove in the most energetic manner the doctrines of Bertoni, the Council sustains the decree of the Department of Justice; but it considers on the other hand that, as this expulsion would result in depriving Bertoni of his means of livelihood, it suspends the act of expulsion, for three months," at the end of which Bertoni is to present himself before the Council for a fresh suspension, and so on every three months.

Judging by Bertoni's attitude towards the original decree he will not present himself; his answer then was a public announcement that he would answer calls to lecture every Sunday in the canton of Geneva.

The communist-anarchist federation of Roman-Switzerland has issued manifestos to the industrial workers and to the peasants, of which they will distribute 12,000 copies.

The canton of Valais, said to be one of the most reactionary in Switzerland, has now a libertarian group whose avowed object is to propagate among the workers the idea of the General Strike for Expropriation. There are only a handful of workers, but this handful is significant.

GERMANY.

Concerning the arrest and detention of twelve comrades in Bremerhaven for nine weeks and a day, and their subsequent release, without explanation or guaran-

tee of future liberty whatever, we now learn that the prosecution has been resumed. According to a letter from one of the twelve, he was informed by his former employer upon his release that the police had visited him (the employer) and said that "a letter from Bremerhaven, written in blue pencil, had come to the Kaiser's Civil Cabinet, demanding the dismissal of certain officials within four days, and that of the "Land-Council" within a few weeks; if not, 3,000 *bombs were ready* and the Kaiser would get the first one." The employer, being a reasonable man, of course laughed. However, this evidently police-manufactured letter is the basis of the accusation of conspiracy.

Paul Eckhardt, one of the earnest workers of the movement, and still a young man, died in Berlin the 17th of January. As usual the police made themselves obnoxious at his funeral.

Three Hollandish comrades were arrested in Berlin for circulating subscription lists for the recently liberated Koschemann; after a detention of eighteen hours they were duly photographed and compelled to sign an agreement to leave the city within eight days.

The "Free Union of Builders" of Magdeburg at a recent meeting decided to take no part in elections, but to devote themselves to the propaganda of the General Strike and anti-parliamentarism.

BELGIUM.

"The Emancipator" has been compelled to suspend; for the immediate future the little colony which has hitherto published it will issue a small monthly concerning the growth and needs of the colony.

Henri Fuss-Amoré proposes that a communal effort be made to reduce expenses of sojourners at the congress.

HOLLAND.

The monthly journal "Levensrecht" (Rights of Life) has been enlarged and greatly improved in appearance. This is its third year.

ITALY.

The National Federation of Young Socialists has decided upon an active and concentrated anti-militarist program.

DISPOSSESSED

By SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

THE weather was such as would even discomfort a stoic philosopher. It was raw and chilly, and a fine drizzling rain descended persistently, covering everything—houses and pavement—with a film of moisture. One involuntarily buttoned up one's overcoat, thrust one's hands deeper into the pockets, and hustled on, scarcely noticing the miserable little heap of furniture—if it deserved that name—which the sheriff without much ceremony had dumped upon the sidewalk. It had not even excited the curiosity of the neighbors. It looked too dismal and forlorn.

The background was formed by a dirty ramshackle house with dangling shutters and paint peeling off its walls. The black fire escapes looked ghastly in their emptiness, as in this part of the city people had not even the necessary amount of truck and rags to ornament them, as in more prosperous districts. At the entrance—oh, irony of fate—hung a sign, "Cozy three-room flats to let." It would have taken a peculiar genius to paint an interesting picture of this hopeless scene. It would have demanded that love of detail, so rare in art, which can invest the most insignificant object with some delicate pictorial charm, and under an old battered door, a dust covered window, or a broken staircase in such a way as to express a sentiment.

The most conspicuous object among this pile of rubbish was an old black horsehair sofa, full of rents and gashes showing the rusty springs. A kitchen table that could hardly support itself on the three legs that were left of its former splendor, leaned wearily against it. On the back of the sofa hung a mattress in such a way that it was sure to fall into the gutter. What luxury to have still a mattress, surely a great cause to be grateful, for it is said that there are people who do not even enjoy this privilege. And then there was a stove, rusty and discolored, as if it had never warmed a room nor served to cook a meal. Most likely it had been regarded by its owner merely as an ornament, in whose solemn presence

human lives were slowly starving and freezing to death. A few broken dishes, a box, a tea kettle without lid and spout and a pail battered out of all resemblance of form finished this dreary ensemble. And in the midst of all these treasures, on a chair without back, sat an old woman, all doubled up, her arms hanging down limp, with a grey shawl over her disheveled hair that brushed her knees, and jabbered to herself.

Alas, there was no member of the pictorial brotherhood on hand to immortalize this scene (it probably strikes too near home, they prefer to paint fluffy females wrapped up in cheesecloth and to forget all about evictions). Only a few little brats were about, and they with malicious instincts truly human, pelted the furniture with mud, but some, as the old woman took no heed of them, got more interested in tying a tin can to the tail of a half starved cat, and in chasing the frightened animal down the street.

On the lap of the old woman lay a big book, greesy and dilapitated, a few faded leaves out of which had fallen to the ground. Had she perhaps been once in the country, in the open fields, under a blue sky, where flowers grew and birds sang! That must have been long ago.

Here everything was low-toned, dull and drab. The slippery pavement showed vague blotchy reflections, and the rain drops glistened weirdly in the strands of her grey hair. Her shawl had absorbed so much moisture that it could be wrung out, she was soaked to the skin, but she was unmindful of her surroundings. The present had become a blank to her, her mind had begun to wander and lost itself in some recesses of her early youth, and she hummed, hardly audible, a quaint melody: Time'i tum ta, tum time'i pa ta.

Now and then a pedestrian passed by. They threw a furtive glance of pity at her, but did not stop. The weather was really too disagreeable. At last some kind person placed the pail upside down near her chair, and contributed a few pennies in a saucer to start a collection. The rain beat a tattoo on dish and pail, and mingled with the low hum of the old woman. At long intervals a coin slipped down like a mighty crescendo in

this endless, monotonous melody of misery. What a panegyric to civilization, what a song of praise to society and its charity organizations. Everywhere, in the fashionable thoroughfares, mansions hardly occupied for more than two months a year, and here, an old wench, cowering in an armless chair, shelterless in the rain on the sidewalk. Where are the historians that take notice of these daily occurrences?

There is much talk about the reform of land tenure. One learned authority favors communal ownership of land. The land should be apportioned to the producers. Another bearded writer on social economics believes in free trade in land, in a system that doles out land among the many that use it well, and a kind, benevolent reverend considers the land question a question of applied ethics. And they write sagaciously and talk enthusiastically, and in the meanwhile they all recognize the imperious law: Render to the landlord, what is the landlord's, time'i tum ta, tum time'i pa ta.

It grew darker, and with the twilight came a rainstorm, one of those generous gifts of circumstance, and the cold rain came down in torrents, swept away the faded leaves, pattered in wild discords on the pavement and gurgled in muddy streams down the gutters. With a strange twist the mattress slipped from the back of the sofa and spread itself on the ground to get the full benefit of the downpour. The table reeled from side to side, and finally tired of existence, collapsed upon the sofa. Only the little grey heap of humanity, which was once a woman, still remained in the same position and hummed the melody—which she will hum as long as she graces the earth with her futile presence: Time'i tum ta, tum time'i pa ta.

To-morrow, at dawn, the bureau of encumbrances will come and cart these gruesome things away. And their former owner will be escorted by uniformed men to some home or asylum with a beautiful vista on a pauper's grave on some windswept little island far out in the sound. Who cares!

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There was a man once, a satirist. In time, his friends slew him and he died, and when they were all gathered about his open coffin, one of them said, "Why, he treated the whole world like a football, and he kicked it." The corpse opened one eye—"Yes! I kicked it, but always toward the goal," he said.—Martin Martens.

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